

MARVEL
5th August 89

THE REAL

N96040p

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GH0STBUSTERS™





Yippeeee! It's that wonderfully supernatural time of the week again and issue 60 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** really hits the jackpot! Literally, of course, because Peter really gets his head in a spin with a rather unusual one-armed bandit machine in **Ghost Gamble!**, a tale of amusement arcade mania. Then, back at HQ, there's trouble of a different kind when poor old Peter is the victim of a vengeful bath fiend in **Good Clean Fun!** Is there no sanctuary anywhere? Well, it seems not, because Pete gets himself into some pretty deep water over this one! Then there's a mysterious bank robbery to deal with in **Buster!** Can **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** steal the show this time?

To add to the frivolities, there's a **fabulous competition** starting in this issue, with lots of toys to give away. So keep your eyes peeled for further issues, fellow devotees!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE

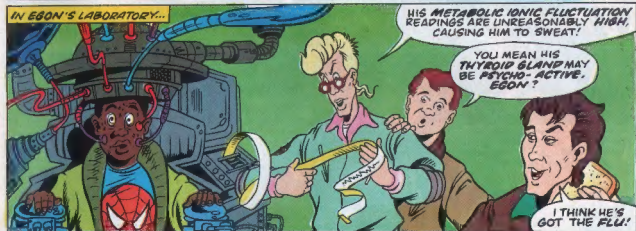


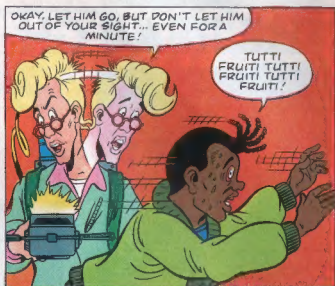
JANINE
MELNITZ

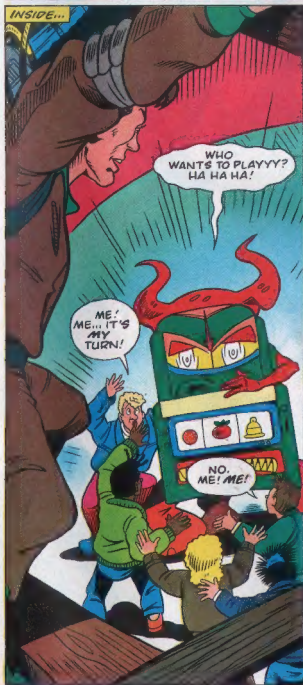


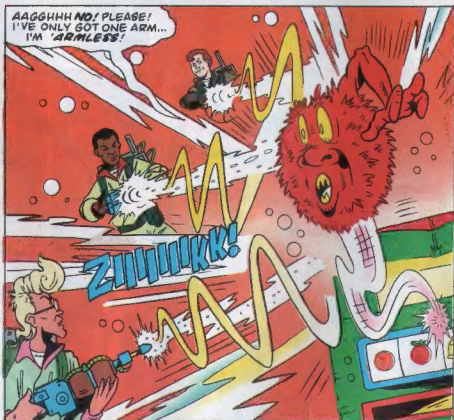
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











OKAY, HERE'S THE TRAP! LET'S SUCK THAT SPIRIT OUT OF THERE!



IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT THE GAMBLING BUG!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

WHERE AM I?

NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!



THESE MACHINES ARE ALWAYS FIXED...



... SO, WE HAVE TO FIX THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL... IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO WIN!

ORR! MUM'LL BE PLEASED TO GET THIS BACK!

LOOK! THERE'S ALL MY POCKET MONEY FROM LAST YEAR!



\$0... I'VE SHARED OUT ALL THE MONEY FROM THE FRUIT MACHINE BETWEEN THE CHILDREN. I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY YOUR FEE FOR SAVING MY SON. SO I'VE COLLECTED ALL THESE GOLD COINS FROM THE MACHINE. GHOSTBUSTERS... YOU'RE A CREDIT!



HOW COME WE ALWAYS END UP WITH TOKENS OF GRATITUDE?



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT GUIDE

Edgar Dibbings (1854-1939) made a particular study of phantoms that were the relics of criminals in their past life, as often their hauntings would shed light on their criminal techniques or help to solve unsolvable cases. Dibbings career took him to old London, hunting the haunts of street urchin pick-pockets, to the rooftop apartments of Paris hunting the ghosts of clumsy cat burglars, to the snow clad Himalayas to find the secret lairs of phantom oriental crime lords who bumped into their nemesis from Interpol once too often.

Dibbings work and life are recorded in the book *Edgar Dibbings - an after-life of crime*, which was published after his death and is rumoured to have been ghost-written (no pun intended, but one taken, no doubt, anyway...). In the book there are related several fascinating theories about ghosts and criminals.

Dabbling with Dibbings

1. The Kentucky Trucker

A fearsome apparition, resembling a massive comet-like fireball regularly haunted the town of Turkey Lurk in Kentucky in the early thirties. Travelling at awesome speed down the main street of the town at about waist height, it was accompanied by a terrific moaning and wailing noise. Dibbings discovered this to be the hyper-velocity ghost



PART 60

of two truck driving moonshiners, Able Tablehoff and Early Pearlbagel, who came to grief whilst driving their vehicle across state at top speed whilst trying to make an illegal delivery of bourbon whiskey during the days of alcoholic prohibition. At the time of death, the moonshiners' will to escape capture had been so great that they had imbued their ghosts with extraordinary speed. Dibbings discovered this by recording the noise of the haunting and playing the moaning and wailing at half speed. The noises turned out to be Able Tablehoff's voice (clearly identifiable) screaming 'Faster! Faster! We got to outrun the cops!' and Karl Pearlbagel's moaning answer 'Oh no. We're going too fast. We're going to

crash. Oh no...'

2. Smooth Criminals

In Illinois in the twenties, several big time gangsters were robbed of all their takings by a beautiful, elegant woman who would coolly hold them at gun point, take the cash and disappear, leaving only one glove behind. So wraith-like was her behaviour, Dibbings was called in to bust her. Ecto-tropically coding the gloves she'd shed, lead him right to her. But for some reason he didn't bust her, rather he let her go. He was found in Chicago in the small hours of the morning clutching a single sequined mitten in his hand. 'Eddie, are you okay? Eddie, are you okay, Eddie?' asked the Police Chief. 'Sure,' answered Dibbings, but he'd certainly been struck by a smooth criminal.

3. Ecto-mite

Analysing the ecto-morphic metabolisms of many criminal ghosts, Dibbings announced the discovery of a Paranormally created element that was the trigger cause of all ghostly and criminal activity. He called it ECTO-MITE and published its details just before his death in 1939 in a paper called *ECTO-MITE: The Criminal Element*. He died a broken man a few weeks later after everyone in the business had laughed at him for trying to end his career on such a ridiculous pun.

**FREE
TO ENTER**

**ZODIAC
TOYS**



GHOSTBUSTERS COMPETITION

WIN

1ST PRIZE

**Ghostbusters
Firestation** R.R.P. £39.99

+ **Wicked Wheelie** R.R.P. £5.49

+ **Haunted Human** R.R.P. £4.49



**Plus 15 runners up prizes
of Ghost Spookers** R.R.P. £21.99

HOW TO ENTER

There will be 6 **Ghostbuster** questions over the next 3 issues of the **Ghostbusters Comic**. Answer them and then fill in the entry form which will be in the 4th issue.

The first two questions are:

- 1) Who is the leader of the real Ghostbusters?
 - a) Peter Venkman
 - b) Egon Spengler
 - c) Granny Gross

- 2) What is the name of the real Ghostbusters' usual transport?


Questions 3 and 4 next week.

FULL GHOSTBUSTERS RANGE AVAILABLE AT ZODIAC TOYS

Abingdon Altrincham Aylesbury Banbury Barnsley Basingstoke Bedford Bells Vale Bexleyheath Birkenhead Blackburn Brighton Bristol Bromley Burnley Burton-on-Trent Cambridge Chatham
Chelmsley Wood Cheltenham Chesterfield Chichester Colchester Coventry Craydon Derby Doncaster Egham Enfield Finchley Gravesend Halifax Harlow Hatfield Hitchin Hounslow Ilford
Kettering Kidderminster Kings Lynn Kingston Upon Thames Leeds Leicester Leitchworth Liverpool Loughborough Luton Manchester Mansfield New Addington Nottingham Peckham
Petersborough Portsmouth Preston Radditch Rochdale Romford Rugby Runcorn Salford Salisbury Scunthorpe Slough Southend Stevenage Stockport Stourbridge Strefford Swindon Tamworth
Telford Usbridge Warrington Wembley West Bromwich Woking Wolverhampton Woodwich Wrexham

GOOD, CLEAN FUN!



Story DAN ABNETT  Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

Batten down the hatches, splice the main brace, weigh anchor! There's ships ahoy, me matey, when Peter grabs his favourite plastic duck, and takes to the water to find a bathtime beastie that could have the Ghostbuster throwing in the towel . . .

They were all there . . . Billy the tug, the Dingy Dinghy, Francis Drake, Son of Nemo and the USS Enterprise, all lined up there on the edge, ready to witness the latest record-breaking triumph of Peter 'squeaky clean' Venkman, Ghostbuster, National Hero, Heart-throb and Undisputed All-round Olympic World Champion Bath Taker.

Earlier in the week, Winston 'multi-bath' Zeddmore had threatened to break the record by clocking up his seventeenth bath in one working week, but the World Champion had easily out-classed him and held onto the title. No one got slimed as often as Peter. No one would ever beat his record for the number of baths taken in the line of duty.

After a particularly messy encounter with a Class six phantom that dripped an orange slime like congealed egg-white, Peter was set to take his twenty-first bath of the week. A new, all-time record . . . and it was still only Thursday. There was no slowing the Champion's form. A toe first to test – then Peter lowered himself into the perfectly pre-heated Olympic-class bath tub. As the glaciers of foam rose up around him, he smiled a winner's smile. No one took baths like him.

He relaxed in the steamy atmosphere, gazing out across the oceanic white bubbles of the bath. In a few moments, he mused calmly, he'd reach out for the soap and the loofah and begin to rid himself of the disgusting ectoplasm. For now, though, he'd just sit for a minute, and enjoy the warm, calming soak of the bath water. Just relax . . . close his eyes . . . relax . . .

Sure was a rough day out here in the chilly Arctic Ocean, mused Cap'n Venkman, as the deck of the good ship Dingy Dinghy rolled beneath his feet in the

deep sea swell. Still, he thought, the visibility was good, and there was a clear water passage between the towering icebergs and sheet ice that made these ocean waters so treacherous. Cap'n Venkman leaned down in the cockpit and turned on the long-range weather report. "... low 1001, expected at Taps. Plug Hole and Overflow by 16.00 hours . . . icebergs drifting west, vicinity of Soap Dish and floating Shower Cap by late evening . . ."

"Hmmm . . ." Cap'n Venkman said to himself, "Stormy weather . . . better batten down the hatches and splice something for good measure . . ."

"Hmmm . . ." said Cap'n Venkman again. "Waitaminute!" Peter exploded. "What on earth is going on? South Bath? Plug Hole? Floating Shower Cap? What is this? Where am I? Why am I on the deck of my favourite plastic boat?"

The howling Arctic wind that whipped around the foam-bubble icebergs offered no explanation. Before Peter had time to ask any further questions, there was a loud, gurgling noise off his starboard bow. A toy submarine made of orange plastic bobbed to the surface. It was exactly like the little plastic toy submarine that Peter had bought three weeks before and named 'Son of Nemo'. Except that the one that rose out of the water next to him was a good sixty feet long.

Peter searched in his mind for a good maritime phrase that would express his amazement. "Bad craziness!" was the best he could manage.

"Ahoy, Dingy Dinghy!" echoed a voice from the rotating periscope of the big orange submersible. "Better head along out of here, matey, there's trouble on the way!"

"What sort of 'trouble'?" asked Peter nervously, "What are you talking about

...er... Son of Nemo?"

"Enemy flotilla!" Barked the sub in reply.

"No time to talk! Dive! Dive! Dubble glubble blerp..."



"Blerp?" asked Peter, but the Son of Nemo had sunk beneath the surface and was gone leaving only a trail of bubbles in its wake. Peter was about to consider whether 'Blerp' was a particular nautical phrase he'd never come across before, when something else turned up that rather occupied his attention: a forty foot rubber duck with a piratical grin and a clockwork aircraft carrier that went 'whirr blibble blibble'. "Avast behind! Load torpedoes!" bellowed the Duck. "Prepare to be boarded and made to walk the plank, Dingy Dinghy!" "Whirr blibble blibble!" added the aircraft carrier, "Whirr blibble blibble whirr!"

"Francis Drake? My favourite rubber duck?" said Peter aghast, "USS Enterprise? My clockwork aircraft carrier that cost two dollars from the toy store? What's going down, guys?"

"You are, Dingy Dinghy!" snapped Francis Drake, the buccaneer water fowl, as the USS Enterprise bled in agreement, "So heave-to or we'll blow you out of the water, so shiver me timbers, ahah!

Ahah! Pieces of eight!"

"This isn't actually happening, right?"

Peter despaired to himself.

"Yes it is, so attach this tow line and I'll try and pull you out of danger!" cried a voice alongside to port. Peter glanced round to see the beaming face on the prow of Billy the tug, chugging up close by, black smoke puffing from his chimney stack.

It sounded like a good idea, and Peter scrambled towards the front of the bobbing Dingy Dinghy, to a place where he could attach the line that Billy was trailing. But from the prow he could see something else. He could see the massive foam-bubble icebergs ahead crack into a monstrous grinning face – sharp fangs and baleful eyes hundreds of feet across. "Yikes! A monster from the deep!" gasped Billy the tug.

"I'm off!" quacked Francis Drake.

"Blibble!" said the USS Enterprise.

"Peter! Peter!" said another voice...

"What happened?" asked Peter, a towel around his shivering form as the water gurgled out of the bath.

Egon shrugged and glanced down at the five tiny plastic toys left at the bottom of the bath. "The ectoplasm you were trying to wash off must have reacted with the bubble bath and re-constituted the demon you busted earlier. You were the victim of a haunted bath!"

"Why didn't you break the door down earlier?" Peter asked.

"Cries of 'Ahoy there! and choruses of 'A Life On The Ocean Wave' are pretty common place when you're having a bath," replied Egon. "I'd just never heard you say 'Blibble' before."

"Good old Billy the tug," said Peter. "He tried his best to save me, Egon. Do you think there's a record for taking showers... or being dry cleaned?"

"You can't dry clean yourself!" said Egon.

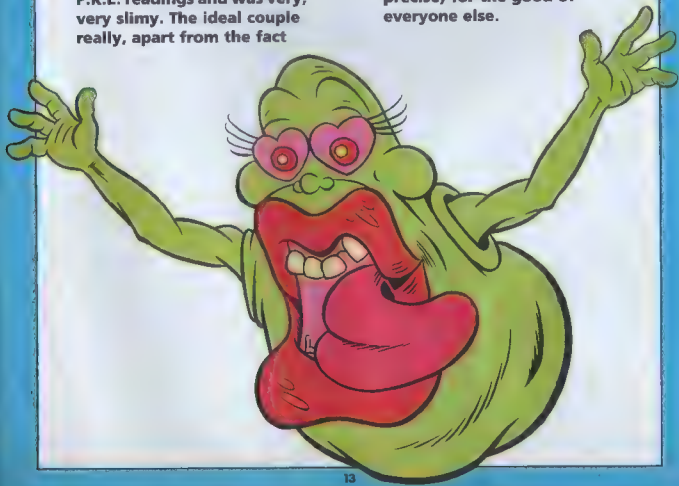
"I can try," said Peter, "Oh boy, I can try..."




THE FEMALE SLIMER

Okay. What's green, can hover at great speeds, leaves a great tide of green ectoplasmic slime everywhere it goes and can't pronounce words properly? Slimer! Well nearly, anyway. I forgot to mention that it wears lipstick, too! This ghost was . . . yes, a female Slimer. She was, in fact, highly similar to Slimer. She was a Class-five Full-roaming vapour, had very similar P.K.E. readings and was very, very slimy. The ideal couple really, apart from the fact

that they hated each other. A terrible shame after the Ghostbusters had made such an effort to ease Slimer's loneliness by finding him a blind date. Still, there can be more to life than the perfect romance. Eating, for example. So, before the HQ was engulfed in a veritable tidal wave of green gunk, the female Slimer was confined to quarters (or the Containment Unit to be precise) for the good of everyone else.





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?

The reasons and the settings for the appearance of ghosts are apparently varied and strange. At times, it seems that if a person is so troubled by a particular event in a certain place that their spirit is unable to rest in death.

So it was with a lady named Sarah Whitehead. The setting for her appearance was odd enough, for it was the Bank of England. It was especially odd when you consider that she came to be known as *The Black Nun*!

Unlike the Guardsman who patrolled the corridors of the Bank of England in London from the 1780's to 1973, Sarah's wanderings had nothing to do with money or gold. Hers was a personal mission and the reason for it is about to unfold here!

Sarah had a brother named Philip and it was there, in the Bank of England, that Philip worked as a clerk. However, in 1811, he was arrested and charged with forgery, a crime for which he was convicted and hanged.

Sarah knew nothing of this and not having heard from her brother for some time, she went to the bank in search of him. The bank, of course, told her in as soothing a manner as possible, of the terrible fate which had befallen Philip. *He was no more! Hanged as a criminal!* It has to be said that their attempts at reassurance were completely wasted, for poor Sarah, as they say, went a trifle loopy!

Dressing herself in black mourning clothes with a thick dark veil, Sarah returned to the bank the following day.

She feverishly asked if anyone had seen her brother. *Alas! The horrors of insanity!*

This anguished search was to last for twenty-five years. Even passers by were interrogated in her lonely quest.

Upon Sarah's death, people thought that they had seen her sorrowful ramblings for the last time. But no! She was, in fact fact, buried in the City Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, which was later to become part of the bank's gardens. Here, one man claimed to have seen her sobbing hysterically and pounding her fists upon a stone slab. There were also frequent sightings of the veiled woman in the bank itself. Who knows? Maybe she's still there ...!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN! NO VISIBLE SIGN OF ENTRY, NO PRINTS, NOTHING!

IF MY THEORY'S CORRECT, I THINK WE'RE DEALING WITH THE SUPERNATURAL!



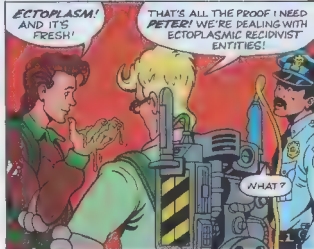
EGON! I THINK YOU'D BETTER LOOK AT THIS!



ECTOPLASM! AND IT'S FRESH!

THAT'S ALL THE PROOF I NEED PETER! WE'RE DEALING WITH ECTOPLASMIC RECIDIVIST ENTITIES!

WHAT?

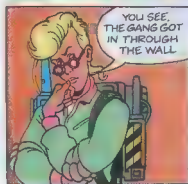


A GANG OF GHOSTS! A FIRM FROM BEYOND, OCCULT OUTLAWS, SPOOKS THAT STEAL FROM BANKS!

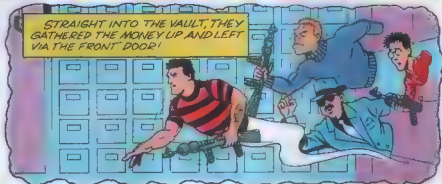
OKAY, OKAY! I'VE GOT IT! BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?



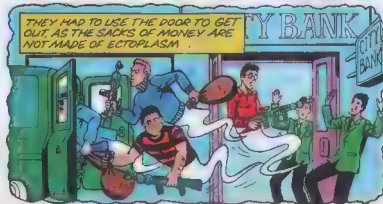
YOU SEE, THE GANG GOT IN THROUGH THE WALL



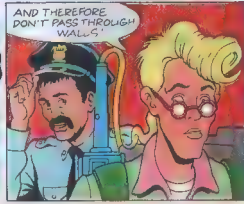
STRAIGHT INTO THE VAULT, THEY GATHERED THE MONEY UP AND LEFT VIA THE FRONT DOOR!

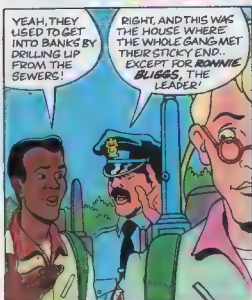
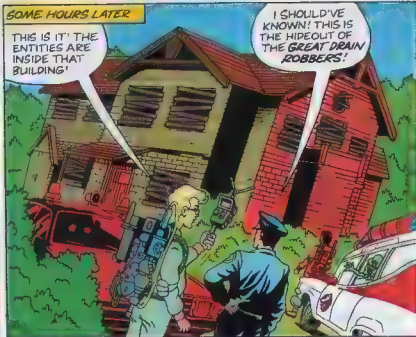
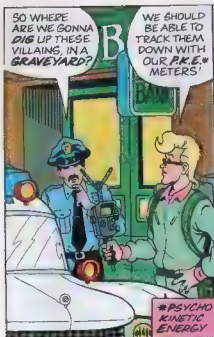


THEY HAD TO USE THE DOOR TO GET OUT, AS THE SACKS OF MONEY ARE NOT MADE OF ECTOPLASM.

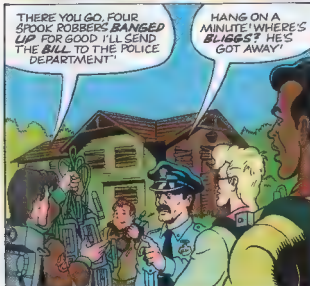
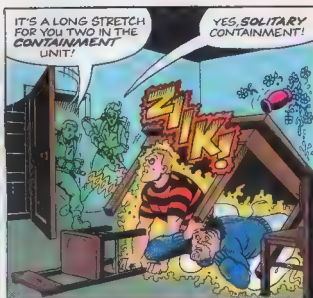


AND THEREFORE DON'T PASS THROUGH WALLS!









MINI MOVIES

IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

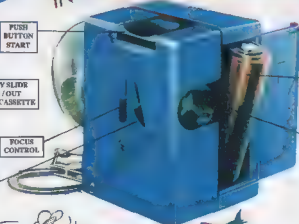


PUSH
BUTTON
START

EASY SLIDE
IN/OUT
FILM CASSETTE

FOCUS
CONTROL

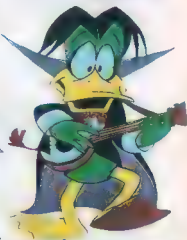
FRAME
CONTROL



BATTERY
ENCLOSURE
SLIDES OUT

1.5VOLT
BATTERY
(NOT SUPPLIED)

EYE
PIECE



JUST HOLD THE EYE PIECE TO YOUR EYE, AIM TOWARDS THE LIGHT,
PRESS THE START BUTTON AND YOUR FAVOURITE CARTOON CHARACTERS
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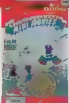
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GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Yippee! Welcome to another crammed full, spilling over the brim, full of goodies, Ghostbusters' post bag! Wow!

Dear Peter. . .

1. Which would you rather see, ten Marshmallow Men or thirty Slimers?
2. I was unlucky enough to miss out on issue 1. Please could you tell me what the first fact file was?
P.S. Will you ever have a haircut?
— Benjamin Tew, London

Thanks for your questions, Ben. 1. The answer to that question is simple. Neither! 2. The very first fact file . . . aaah, I remember it well. It was one of the most interesting of the fact files, I think. It was on a famous scientist and all round cool celebrity: Dr. Peter Venkman! P.S. I frequently have haircuts. If I didn't my hair would be round my ankles by now.

Why did you call Slimer an 'ecto-plasmic gunk-ball' in issue twenty-one? I'd also like to know which is the most ugly ghost you have come across.
Ashley Rawlings, West Brompton.

Well, mainly because he is made of ecto-plasm, secondly because his slimy characteristics are best summed up by the word 'gunk' and lastly, because he is vaguely the shape of a round object, such as a ball! As to the question of which ghost is the most ugly, I don't think that is a fair thing to say. When you think about it, ghosts can't really be described as 'ugly'. Some of them can be rather beautiful and those which are not so nice to look at are rather more fascinating than ugly. Hold on, I'm beginning to sound like Egon here!

I have some questions to ask you:

1. Why was it that, in the ECTO-X story the bill which came out of his mouth had \$125.50 for the total instead of \$625.50?
2. Why is Janine the only female? It isn't fair.
3. Why aren't the other guys nearly as cool, good-looking and talented as you?
4. Are you free next Friday night?
— Nicola Morgan, Bray

Thanks for your letter, Nicola. 1. Well, at that time, there were still a few finishing touches to be carried out on ECTO-X. He managed to produce a bill, fully itemized,

but the mathematics were a little wrong! 2. Actually, between you and me, I think Janine's quite glad that she's the only woman around the place. She wouldn't like to share Egon with any member of the female species! 3. Awww, shucks! 4. Friday? Gulp. But I was going to stay in and wash my hair . . .

I have some questions for you:
1. In the REAL GHOSTBUSTERS film, Winston has got a moustache, but he hasn't in the cartoon. Why is this?
2. Why do you call Egon a bookworm when he has the trendiest hair-do in the whole gang?
— Stephen Spellman, Chorley

1. Since when has face fungus been compulsory? There are such things as razors, y'know!
2. I'm gonna have to risk offending you again, Steve, but I can't see what the connection is between having a trendy hair-do and reading books! Maybe you know something I don't.

Please could you answer my questions:

1. What type of ghost is Slimer?
2. Why don't you use Slimer as a Ghostbuster?
— Tony Croaker, Edmonton.

1. Slimer is a Class-five Full-roaming vapour.
2. I think that would be a bit unfair, don't you? After all he is a ghost himself. I know he has helped us in the past, but we'd rather let him do that of his own accord.

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIME
TIME



THE CASE OF THE MISSING CHOCOLATES!

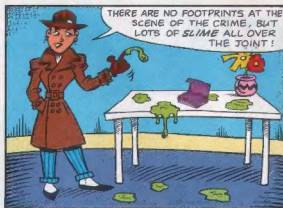


SOMEONE HAD EATEN
AN ENTIRE BOX
OF CHOCOLATES!

MY CHOCOLATES!

MY NAME
IS DAISY THE
DETECTIVE. IT'S
MY JOB TO FIND
OUT WHO SCOFFED'EM!

I HAD A HUNCH WHO DUNNIT, BUT I
NEEDED ONE MORE VITAL CLUE!



THERE ARE NO FOOTPRINTS AT THE
SCENE OF THE CRIME, BUT
LOTS OF SLIME ALL OVER
THE JOINT!



HOWDY DOOPEE,
DAISY!

BURP!

THE CASE
OF THE MISSING
CHOCOLATES WAS
AS GOOD AS
SOLVED!

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your
jokes! Send 'em
to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2

Did you hear about the pupil
who swallowed a boomerang?
He got thrown out of class
twenty-six times!
— Douglas Hoskins, Glasgow

What's black, lives in the
ocean and shouts, "knick-
ers!"?
Crude oil!
— Anon.

Why did the chewing gum
cross the road?
Because it was stuck to a
chicken's foot!
— Paul Andrews, Cusworth

What's a ghost's favourite
type of joke?
A dead good one!
— Dinah Guyll, Pickering

If you gave Dracula a bottle of
mouth wash, what would he
do with it?
He'd gargole with it!
— Kenneth Hague, Rotherham

What did the Lost Property
Clerk say to the headless
ghost?
"I think you need our Head
Office!"
— Luke Creedy, Derby



YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM...
YOU'VE BOUGHT THE COMIC...
NOW READ THE BOOKS!



What would you do if you found hundreds of naughty, miniature Stay Puft men coming up from your toilet? Find out what happens to the Ghostbusters in *THE RETURN OF MR STAY PUFT!*



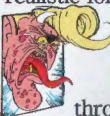
If you're scared of sharks – imagine how the Ghostbusters felt when they dived



into the sea, knowing that, somewhere, lurking in the depths, there was a giant *GHOSTLY SHARK*.

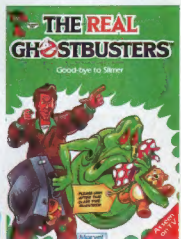


Don't go looking in the crazy mirrors at the *FOREVER FAIR* – your face may turn into a monster. Would you dare ride on a ghost-train that was even too realistic for the Ghostbusters?



When the Ghostbusters are forced to throw Slimer out on the streets, the

lonely, friendless but lovable green ball of gunge soon gets up to mischief in *GOODBYE TO SLIMER*.



Marvel

Available through WH Smith and other good bookshops and newsagents.

DIG THIS BAD CRAZINESS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 229** Part one of the adventure **Resurrection** by Furman and Simpson. Then meet the new Mayhem Squad in **Hunting Party** by Furman and Coleby. Finally, catch the last part of the Action Force epic **Cross Purposes** by Hama, McFarlane and Mushynsky. **PLUS** August's Classic Cover Calendar.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 60** A jackpot of an issue when Peter confronts the haunted one-arm bandit in **Ghost Gamble** by Carnell, Williamson and Harwood. Then Dr Venkman gets in deep water with a spook with big sharp pointy bubbles in **Good Clean Fun** by Dan Abnett. Then last but not least there's **Buster** by Carnell, O'Donnell Marshall, a criminally good story – cheque it out!

☐ **THE SLEEZE BROTHERS 2** More fabulous, futuristic farce featuring the disastrous duo who are to private detection what

Godzilla is to ballroom dancing. Join the mayhem as creators Carnell and Lanning tell us the story of **Reel to Real**, featuring a maniac plot to use the TV network as a murder weapon! And we thought Wogan was doing that already...

DON'T MISS...

☐ **THE PUNISHER 1** A new hard-hitting comic is on the streets, with a huge, 64-page, bumper first issue full of action, adventure and excitement! The Punisher himself stars in **Circle of Blood**, a 49-page epic by Grant, Zeck and Beatty. There's also action with the first part of **Robocop**, plus a great free badge, so make sure you don't miss this one ... it's one tough hombre!

ON SALE NOW!